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Vol. CLXXXIX and BYSTANDER

No. 2464

London
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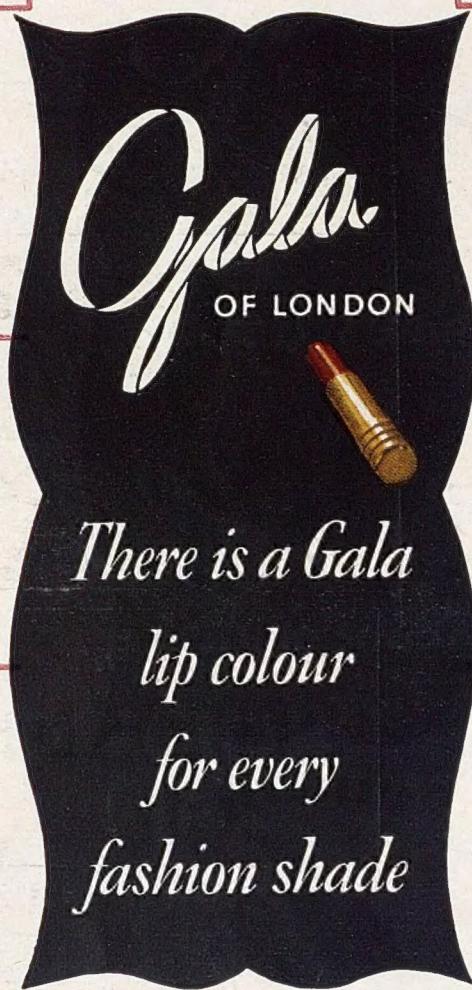
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The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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LONDON

SEPTEMBER 29, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX. No. 2464

THIS ISSUE

The St. Leger. This year's St. Leger was honoured by the presence of the King and Queen, who were greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by large crowds and saw a race worthy of a Royal visit. Another important activity at Doncaster at this time of the season is the sale of yearlings. Pictures on pages 396-7

Royal Yachtsman. The Dragon class yacht presented to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh saw a good deal of sailing during the summer, and the Duke himself has sometimes been aboard. Photographs taken in the Solent on one of these occasions are on pages 400-1.

Aboyne Games. Next to that at Braemar, the Highland Gathering at Aboyne is one of the most widely popular in the Highlands. This year's celebration was even more successful than usual. See page 402.

Diplomatic Hosts. The new Ambassador Extraordinary from South Africa recently held a reception in London, and the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia gave one to celebrate the country's occupation by the British in September 1890. Pictures on page 393.

Swordfish Party. Few aircraft gained more resounding fame during the war than the Fairey Swordfish of the Fleet Air Arm. And they were suitably remembered at a party given by Sir Richard Fairey to high-ranking Service officers and business heads. See page 392.



DAWN STOBART-WHETHERLY, two and a half year old daughter of Lt.-Col. and Viscount Leverhulme's youngest grandchild, her mother before her marriage in 1938 having been the Hon. Rosemary Lever. As the youngest competitor at the Chobham gymkhana and horse show near Woking, she competed in the Leading Rein class, and is seen making friendly advances to a prizewinning pony. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Stobart-Whetherly also have a son aged eight



*The King and Queen returning to Buckingham Palace in the Irish State Coach
after the Opening of Parliament*

Some Portraits in Print

AUTUMN'S arrival this year has had something of the repetitive quality of a prima donna's farewell.

Hardly have we said good-bye to what we know, technically, as our "summer"; felt the authentic autumn chill in the air and seen the dead leaves tumbling after each other in the wind; hardly have we steeled ourselves to thoughts of grim November before—back comes "summer" again! And, on some recent days, in more amiable form than she was in her alleged heyday this year.

The green foliage has helped the illusion in these recurring "positively farewell" appearances."

Never can I recall such green in Hyde Park on the eve of October. In some tricks of sunlight it might again be May. For which we owe a debt to the London plane tree, for its leaves seem to have the quality of changing shade to suit the mood of the sky—as if painted for the transformation scene of a pantomime.

WITH its melancholy appeal to the sympathies, autumn has ever been a time for retrospection.

My own mood has largely been set by wading through a great mass of family papers, old photographs and the kind of letter that is apt to keep you awake wondering what on earth prompted it. "Dear ——, My height is 5ft. 11½ inches! Yours as ever. H. B. Irving."

Letters from friends and relatives long forgotten, from men and women famous in their day, but now also forgotten. A dozen or so letters written from "Englemere, Ascot, Berks" in a substantial handwriting, and signed "Roberts." I wonder how many young

to-day have never heard of "Bobs," the little man whom Britain worshipped and who won his V.C. nearly a hundred years ago? I wonder, too, what his shade thinks of events in India now. The scrap at Hyderabad would probably seem small stuff to him; or would it? Might not many of those great "battles" of the day be of no greater stature than a commando raid?

Most of the letters from Lord Roberts are about his share in the erection of a statue to another precocious young soldier, General James Wolfe, which statue stands to-day on the village green at Westerham. It was on the day of its unveiling that I can claim to have seen a legend come to life, and rather painfully for my father and mother.

IT was always said that the Field Marshal was desperately afraid of cats. We had locked our old black tom in the stables that day, but as Lord Roberts came downstairs after lunch with my parents there, bang in the middle of a landing, sat our black cat.

The great soldier stopped as if he had been hit and in a voice all too loud and clear said: "Please-take-away-that-cat!!" The impression he gave was not only one of fear but that the cat had been planted there to see if the stories of his phobia were true. What happened then made things slightly worse, if funnier. Lord Strathcona, coming down a few seconds afterwards—and obviously unaware of what had just happened—bent down and stroked the cat, which was now almost as frightened as the Field Marshal. I think he said: "Poor pussy!" or something inappropriate like that.

I was all for the white-bearded Lord

Strathcona that day. A practical fellow, the builder of the C.P.R. He tipped me a sovereign. Lord Roberts only asked me what I was going to be when I grew up and, when I said a naval officer, just snorted.

ONE remarkable letter comes from T. E. Lawrence and is dated from Oxford on August 31st, 1919. It tells something of the work upon which he was then engaged, and, in parentheses, he makes this statement: "I found time just after reading military history at Oxford to serve in the Army (ranks) for a bit."

The world knows that Lawrence (or Shaw or Ross) served in the ranks after the war, in the Royal Tank Corps and in the R.A.F., but this is the first I have ever heard of his doing so before 1914. The date from the letter would appear to be about 1910. It could scarcely refer to his forcible, but temporary, conscription into the Turkish army as a "deserter," for that lasted only a night.

Was this another case of the baffling and unpredictable "T. E." adding a little more confusion to his trail? It was written before he became embittered and disillusioned, in the year when he thought that at Versailles he may still have won the battle for his Arabs.

The world limelight was then blazing down on the strange little man who had been so hush-hush during the war years, and the Lawrence legend was being built up by many willing tongues. Foch is supposed to have said to him at Versailles, referring to the chance of war between France in Syria and the Arabs: "My good friend, if you think that I'm going to risk my reputation by fighting

you on your home ground, you are much mistaken."

"Foch," reported Lawrence afterwards, "is a pair of moustaches with more teeth than brains."

This might have pleased that sweet-tempered old dearie, M. Clemenceau.

The letter I have found ends: "I see the press reports me in Arabia now. In truth, I have bought me a parcel of ground near Chingford and am living there as much as anywhere. I wish I had £500 a year, and then I'd travel!"

The end of another letter, from a different pen, ends: "Have you ever tasted better haddock than those we used to buy off the barrows in Mornington Road?"

The signature is "H. G. Wells."

THE enthusiasm for everything Scottish that has been stirred in foreign breasts by the Edinburgh Festival may well lead to a revival as picturesque as that which followed Queen Victoria's discovery of her northern kingdom.

The pages of *Punch* in those mid-Victorian days were full of jokes about the "Growing Popularity of the Highlands" (e.g. Mrs. Smith, of Brixton, meets Highland laird on Euston platform: "Lor', Mr. Brown, I 'ardly knoo yer! Only think of our meetin' 'ere this year instead of dear old Margit! An' I suppose that's the costume you go salmon-stalking in?")

More generally the butt of the jokes was labelled as McGiildenstein, and later on "Mr. Dollers" or "Transatlantic Millionaire." It was a vogue which profited artists of such contrasting styles as Charles Keene and Landseer.

As for the "Transatlantic Millionaire" of 1948, I have heard of one—at least, he is a rich man—who bought a kilt for himself in Scotland this summer and smuggled it duty-free into the U.S.A. by letting his wife wear it as a skirt.

Presumably, in return, he wore her pair of beach slacks through the Customs.

(Perhaps the vogue was anticipated by the revival of *La Sylphide* recently by the ballet troupe of the Champs-Élysées. This would have been roaring fun for Edinburgh, with its dancers wearing the tartan of the Clan Christian Bérard—and very dainty, too. This museum piece dates from the days when French novelists were fond of injecting exoticism into their writings by having the characters come from distant Birmingham, Galashiels and other romantic spots on this side of the Channel.)

FOLLOWING the loss of a much-loved old umbrella—a taxi went off with it, outside THE TATLER offices, and without waiting for the fare—I have become what would be known nowadays as "umbrella conscious."

Umbrella carrying went out of fashion during the war, for obvious reasons, and is even now only slowly coming back. (Three years ago the Brigg's shop in Piccadilly had a minimum of umbrellas for sale, but a fine selection of shillelaghs and blackthorn life preservers suitable for the smart commando-about-town). I tried to explain our habit of carrying an umbrella, but on no account ever opening it, to an American; but he thought the whole thing just a typical piece of la-di-da English nonsense.

Yet if you see a man walking about the West End with a walking-stick you can be fairly sure he is an American, so much has the vogue spread, especially to the more prosperous type.

A few years back an American carrying a walking-stick risked being asked if he had not forgotten his monocle that morning.

—Gordon Beckles

THE INEVITABLE

The volume of my life is many-paged
And yesterday turned over one leaf more
But though arithmetic may prove the score
I cannot feel that I am middle-aged.

The hair retreats, but is the battle waged
Upon one forehead, not to say one front?
It is the man entire that bears the brunt
And that denies that I am middle-aged.

As for the roving eye, is that yet caged?
No sir, but ask yourself if this is true—
You look at them, do they still look at you?
Do they? Do they? Or are you middle-aged?

—Justin Richardson

Is there a thrill forgot, one zest assuaged?
Does food or fame or frolic leave me cold?
Or wit or wisdom? I can not be old
I will not have that I am middle-aged.

No matter by what rod such things are gauged
I am, as I have long been, in my prime.
I am the same, nothing has changed but time.
Again I say. I am not middle-aged.



SIR GEORGE AYLWEN, who succeeds Sir Frederick Wells as Lord Mayor of London, with Lady Aylwen in the garden of their home, Mill House, Chiddingfold, Surrey. With them are their Pembrokeshire Corgis, Amher and Bryony. Sir George, who served in the Boer War and World War One, is Chairman of the governing body of Bart's Hospital, as well as Chairman of the Voluntary Hospitals Committee for London. He is one of His Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London and Past Master of the Merchant Taylors Company. Lady Aylwen was formerly Miss Edith Hill, of Ipswich

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Don't Listen, Ladies!"
(St. James's)

WHATEVER you or I may think, M. Sacha Guitry will have it that marriage is an inexhaustible subject. And since he talks about it inexhaustibly and is wholly incapable of being dull, he proves his point once more in an *article de Paris* which is a great deal more entertaining than its somewhat arch title would suggest.

The purpose of the title is that M. Bachelet, a Parisian dealer in antiques, may confide in the men of the audience his utter detestation and horror of women. In a soliloquy rather longer than any which Hamlet undertakes, he makes it sufficiently clear that all wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman and that the future holds for him no pleasure more voluptuous than that of unpacking cases of Etruscan pottery.

He begs that we will follow his example. If no cases of Etruscan pottery come our way, he reminds us that the worthy Uncle Bergeret, of *L'Anneau d'Améthyste*, discovered a tranquil enjoyment in the task of knocking nails into a wall. Women will whisper that such masculine diversions lack gaiety. Perhaps they do; but if man cannot be gay apart from women, at least he can escape the sadness with which the gaiety it brings him must be paid.

So it goes, in M. Guitry's light, easy, amusing way. And it duly appears that our agitated

misogynist is an experienced amorist who has been so indiscreet as to fall in love with the latest of his wives. It is Monday morning, and where has she been since Sunday afternoon? He fears the worst as becomes his experience, and it scarcely quiets his mind that she should explain her absence by the obvious taradiddle that she took a trip on the Big Wheel and that it stuck fast and held her prisoner high over Paris.

IT would be a simple thing to inquire at Luna Park if the mishance had in fact happened; but dared to do so by the mock-indignant woman, he puts down the telephone. The more dignified, certainly the safer course is to disbelieve her. He may in time forget the incident.

Alas, a cherished old escritoire inconsiderately yields up an undated love letter written by him to a strange woman. All turns on its date. Was it written, as he solemnly declares, while he was married to another woman or, as she confidently guesses, more recently. She retires triumphantly aggrieved; and he learns that one of his assistants in the shop, a personable youth, has also spent a sleepless night on the Big Wheel.

By means of the letter, M. Guitry more or less plausibly, at any rate amusingly, draws in two of the amorist's wives, and the coincidence that the reigning wife's story of the Big Wheel

is corroborated turns out to be something more than a coincidence. It would go ill with the antique dealer if fate did not at the same time send him an old mistress of the Moulin Rouge whose youth Toulouse-Lautrec had perpetuated. She realizes that there is no greater innocent than an experienced amorist and good naturedly explains to him a few of the formulas which women have from time to time applied to the undoing of men. He succeeds in turning the tables on his delightful tormentors; and when the wives turn to put their case directly to the audience he gets the curtain rung down. This is just as well. M. Guitry and his subject may be inexhaustible, but we are not.

THE adaptors, Mr. Stephen Powys and Mr. Guy Bolton, have preserved the Parisian flavour of the original remarkably well, and Mr. Francis Lister, the victim of his own want of faith, is as voluble, as agitated and almost as urbane as Sacha himself. Miss Constance Cummings and Miss Betty Marsden are the women measuring their malice and their charm to suit their needs by some instinctive process, and Mr. Denholm Elliott is the youthful shop assistant with one brief and difficult passage of sincere emotion. Mr. Elliott manages this passage admirably. Mr. William Armstrong's direction, if on the slow side, is always right in atmosphere.



The Storm in the Antique Shop which centres round Madeleine (Constance Cummings) with Michel Aubrion (Ferdy Mayne), Daniel Bachelet (Francis Lister) the antique dealer with a certain flair for women, and his first wife Valentine (Betty Marsden). On the right Ada Reeve as Julie Bille-en-Bois, with her picture by Toulouse-Lautrec, converses with the shop assistant Blardinet (Denholm Elliott) on the intricacies of insect life



Photograph by Angus McBear

MARIE LÖHR, whose richly amusing study of Dame Maud Gosport is one of the highlights of "Harlequinade" in Terence Rattigan's *Playbill* at the Phoenix Theatre, was born at Sydney, Australia, where she made her first stage appearance. In England she gained experience with the Kendals and subsequently acted with Sir Herbert Tree. Her reputation as one of the foremost young actresses of the day increased with *The Ware Case* and other plays in the period between 1917 and 1922, and subsequently she appeared in such successes as *Berkeley Square* and *Quiet Wedding*. She has also made a number of British films

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

A Maze of Mirrors

NATURALISM is one of the film's advantages over the theatre, though nobody might think so to judge from the unnatural behaviour we so often see on the screen. Only a rare film like Flaherty's *The Louisiana Story*, wholly in love with nature, animal or human recalls, like the shock of clean cold water, what a distorting mirror the average film holds up to nature even in the very raw state of our civilization.

Flaherty's documentary, his first full-grown film in ten years and reputedly his last, was of course the *pièce de résistance* of the documentary film festival at Edinburgh. Thanks to the Central Office of Information, however, London critics were offered a meagre ration of the festival delicacies before these all went back into cold store.

There is no novelty about *The Louisiana Story*, which is the same old story Flaherty has been telling since *Nanook of the North*; the story of his preference for children of nature, whether Esquimeaux, Irish islanders, or Indian elephant boys, to actors. There is only the freshness of the outdoor world, the water of the marshes and the trailing vines; the unstaling whiff of adventure for a boy alone with a canoe and a racoon in crocodile-infested waters; and the evergreen enthusiasm of the veteran director for wild life, the peculiar tenderness of his patient search for perfection in the photographing of a heron posing against still marsh-water, of a frightened racoon swimming for its life or an angry alligator in close-up.

THE backwoods boy of *The Louisiana Story* is a French-Canadian youth, a sprite of the swamps, who is sparing of words, either French or English, but has his own means of communicating with the wild creatures and seems half a wild creature himself to the engineers on the oil derrick which towers grotesquely above its river boat.

Flaherty devotes as superb film-craft to the hideous contrast of the machinery as to the simple life of the hunter's family. But he leaves no doubt of his belief that the child, pouring his precious salt into the near-derelict machine, and spitting superstitiously into its depths is wiser than the machine. If it is true that an oil company financed this film it is a case of most unusually enlightened publicity.

A very choice morsel from Edinburgh was the miniature Swedish symphony in snow, *A Divided World*. Unhappily I was unable to stay till the end and have seldom found it more difficult to leave a film than this enchanted white world outside the windows, where fox and owl hunt to the death and even a stoat looks ravishing in its winter white.

These two *chef's d'œuvre* of the cinema's primary business of photography make it harder than ever to understand why we are shown so little of the wonders of nature except in back projection.

With *Waverley Steps*, Edinburgh's own contribution, we are half-way back in the familiar looking-glass world of film. I found this

minor documentary dimly disappointing, self-consciously prosaic in its avoidance of the poetry either of the cinema or of the city's natural beauty. As the synopsis puts it: "The structure of the film makes no concession to the notion that Edinburgh is the Athens of the North, the capital of the Stuarts, and the home town of David Hume and the Age of Enlightenment." No concessions does it make indeed, but the romance and beauty of Edinburgh is something more than a notion, as visitors to the festival know; even if the official C.O.I. aim is to make it as dour as a dozen provincial towns.

Princes Street, however, even in this drab reflection, has recognizable features of reality. Three new offerings at the West End cinemas show us travesties of nature which would do credit to a crazy maze of mirrors on Coney Island.

PROBABLY *The Blind Goddess* (Gaumont Haymarket and Marble Arch Pavilion) comes nearest to nature. That is to say that in the big court scene the libel action, being for the original play written by Sir Patrick Hastings, is conducted more or less like a libel action in court. But then I never think people are at their most natural or rational in court; either the professionals in their wigs and gowns or the understandably nervous amateurs in the witness-box.

Eric Portman as the prosecuting K.C., however, and Frank Cellier as the judge, are a relief from the usual overdone facetiousness; and Michael Denison's tight-lipped mannerisms, though they are in danger of overworking his charm, may be forgiven a man who thought he was nobly exposing a public scandal and finds himself facing an action for libel.

Outside the precincts of the court everything is much less like life and seems to reek of grease-paint and three-ply wood. There is so little attempt to make the changes of scenes convincing—Prague, Ceylon, London night-club, home of K.C., home of politician, airport and so on—that I felt it would be much less irritating if studios trying very properly to economize would work out a stylized convention and just hang out signs over the bare sets.

Most of the players seem to be acting in different modes and one scene, where the wicked peer's wife (Anne Crawford) sends for him for a conspiratorial chat, is produced and acted on positively first year R.A.D.A. level. I was grateful to Nora Swinburne for managing to look at home or at least unconcerned and beautiful in all circumstances. Claire Bloom, as the K.C.'s daughter who is engaged to the man in the dock, for a beginner emerges remarkably nearly natural from the ordeal.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT can be one of the most naturally charming actresses in Hollywood. In *Sleep My Love* (London Pavilion) she and Robert Cummings have quite an exciting tussle



"Combined slow poison and hypnosis . . ."



"Naturalism is one of the film's advantages over the theatre"

with the unnatural dementia of the melodramatic story.

The struggle between normal and abnormal is indeed inherent in the theme. For Miss Colbert plays a perfectly normal woman whose husband (Don Ameche) is trying to drive her mad by combined slow poison and hypnosis, so that he can shut her up, take her money and marry a photographer's model (Hazel Brooks) who always dresses transparently.

Don Ameche and his accomplice (George Coulouris), not to mention the model, are types out of crudest melodrama. But Miss Colbert somehow contrives to behave as a normal woman might who knows she is perfectly sane, but is made to appear mad and persecuted by phoney psychiatrists in thick glasses. On the other side there is an undercurrent that seemed to me more distasteful than sinister and Miss Colbert and Mr. Cummings, as the very bright young man who providentially travels with her after one of her sleep-walking expeditions, have to work very hard to counteract it.

Miss Colbert even has to do her old drunk-scene, on some concoction made from melon skins consumed at a Chinese wedding (Mr. Cummings is on his way back to China). She still does it delightfully, but I never thought she and Mr. Cummings could triumph over the surrounding murk. On the whole, however, I think they may be said to win on points, although Miss Colbert is too accomplished an actress for this kind of nonsense, while Mr. Cummings is still a much more accomplished and pleasing actor than Hollywood seems to recognize.

AFTER the opening number of *This Time for Keeps* (Empire), in which Lauritz Melchior in celestial Wagnerian rig-out complete with helmet, sings an arrangement of the "Agnus Dei" on the stage surrounded by the celestial choir in the flesh, I was stunned, which is the right way to see this latest M-G-M Technicolor Celebrity Concert. At least there is Variety, with Esther Williams swimming, Melchior and Johnnie Johnston singing (as father and son), Xavier Cugat leading his band, the late Dame May Whitty as an ex-circus rider and Jimmy Durante most mercifully at the piano.

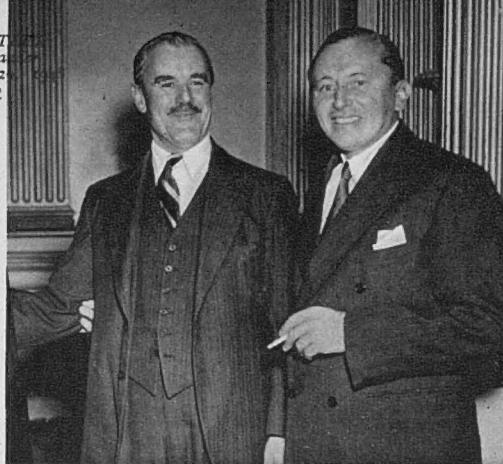
BENJAMIN BRITTEN,

sometimes called the stormy petrel of British music, has once more aroused keen discussion with his re-scoring of *The Beggar's Opera*, now being staged at Sadler's Wells; a revival whose avowed aim is to catch something of the lusty, unvarnished humours of the original production. Born at Lowestoft in 1913, Benjamin Britten studied at the Royal College of Music and has now an impressive list of compositions to his credit, but those which have brought him fame are his two operas *Peter Grimes*, founded on the poem by Crabbe with Britten's native Suffolk coast as the background, and *Albert Herring*, after a ribald story by de Maupassant. They introduced a new conception of opera which, while not pleasing everybody, brought their composer to the fore as a musician of serious purpose able to deal successfully with apparently intractable material





Sir Richard Fairey, the host, with Air Marshal Sir William Coryton and Admiral Lord Fraser, C-in-C. Portsmouth



Air-Cdre. the Earl of Bandon, Commandant of the Royal Observer Corps, with Air-Cdre. J. Constable Roberts



Mr. Whitney Straight, who is managing director of B.O.A.C., with Mr. Richard Fairey, son of Sir Richard

SIR RICHARD FAIREY GIVES A PARTY

A swordfish from the Bosphorus was served to 750 guests at Londonderry House



W/Cdr. C. W. Bromley, G/Capt. H. N. Isherwood, Air Marshal Sir Leonard Isitt, from New Zealand, and G/Capt. A. H. Fear



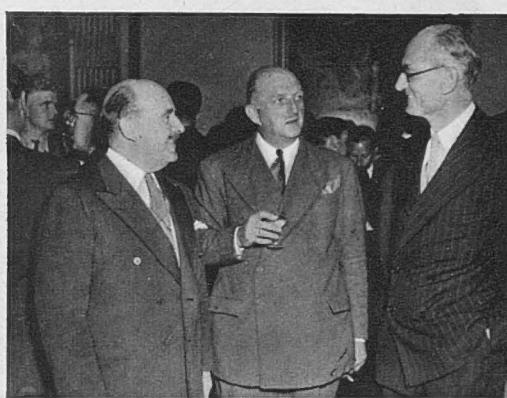
Mr. B. J. Hurren of Fairey Aviation, Mr. Anthony Appleton, Navy League Secretary, and Capt. C. S. B. Swinley, late Chief of Naval Information



Air Vice-Marshal J. Boothman, A.O.C. Iraq, Air-Cdre. C. G. Wigglesworth, Air Attaché, Ankara, and G/Capt. S. Roberts. C.O.. Farnborough



Major-Gen. A. M. Craig, Major-Gen. N. K. Holley, Capt. E. B. N. Mallett and Col. Dudley Collier



Major-Gen. A. M. Craig, Major J. A. Holman and Rear-Admiral M. S. Slattery, formerly Chief of Naval Air Equipment



Cdr. Duvall, G/Capt. Hyde and Capt. Beale, R.N. The party replaced the pre-war garden party at the Fairey aerodrome



Major M. Wright, of Fairey Aviation, Air-Cdre. Wigglesworth, Air-Cdre. Hayes, Air Attaché, Egypt, and Col. Ryan of the S.B.A.C.



W/Cdr. R. Falk, Major Oliver Stewart and Cdr. R. Kearney, R.N. Honourable mention was made at the party of the famous Fairey Swordfish



Lt. M. W. Jones, of the Royal Canadian Navy, Lt.-Cdr. J. M. Ronaldson, R.N., and Mr. Menzies were three more of the guests

RECEPTION AT RHODESIA HOUSE

To Commemorate the British Occupation of S. Rhodesia



Councillor H. Gutteridge (right), Mayor of Westminster, is greeted by T.E. Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Goodenough



H.E. the Duke of Palmella, Portuguese Ambassador to Great Britain, was one of the diplomatic guests



Sir Frederick and Lady Wells, Lord and Lady Mayoress of London (right), welcomed by the High Commissioner and his wife



Lady Handley Page, wife of Sir Frederick Handley Page, the aircraft constructor, talking to Lady Hartley



H.E. the Rt. Hon. J. A. Beasley, High Commissioner for Australia, with Sheriff Hammett of the Central Criminal Court



Major T. J. May, C.M.G., one of the Southern Rhodesian pioneers, with Lady Tait, widow of an ex-Governor

SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW AMBASSADOR ENTERTAINS



T.E. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Te Water, the host and hostess, receiving H.E. Mr. W. J. Jordan, New Zealand High Commissioner



H.E. Mr. K. M. Goodenough, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, with Mr. Leif Egeland, High Commissioner for South Africa



Mr. H. Baerlein talking to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mosenthal at the cocktail party, which was held at the Savoy Hotel



The Bishop of Edinburgh, the Rt. Rev. Kenneth Warner, D.S.O., M.A., officiated at the christening of William Philip Christison Ridley, son of Col. and Mrs. C. W. Ridley, at St. Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh Castle. In the centre are Florence Lady Christison (great-grandmother) with Gen. Sir Philip Christison, G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command and Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and Lady Christison (grandparents). Mrs. Ridley is on the right with her two other children, and holding the baby is the godmother, Miss Fiona Christison

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: Without the Crown and the Sword of State, and without the customary array of peeresses in elaborate toilettes and jewels, the State Opening of Parliament by the King was bereft of much of its usual magnificence. It was because of the limited space in the Royal Robing Room which, converted into the Peers' Chamber, formed the setting for the ceremony, that these and other parts of the normal routine were omitted. The Robing Room is too small to permit of a peer standing on the King's right, bearing the Crown.

HIS MAJESTY, looking very fit, wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet with his robes. The Queen, who also looked well, wore a long gown of a delicate shade of aquamarine blue. Her small hat was of the same colour, and she wore a long boa of ostrich feathers dyed to match. Her ornaments were diamonds and pearls, but, in keeping with the semi-State nature of the occasion, she did not wear the Order of the Garter. Lord Jowitt, magnificent in the long black-and-gold State robes of the Lord Chancellor, attended Their Majesties, handing the King the script of his speech on bended knees. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, in Service khaki, the Earl of Ancaster, Lord Great Chamberlain, in morning clothes, and Sir Algar Howard, Garter King of Arms, resplendent in his bright-coloured heraldic uniform, were also in attendance.

Under eighty peers sat in the red-upholstered benches on either side of the small thrones: among them I noticed Lord Woolton, the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord Iliffe, the Earl of Bessborough, Lord Ebbisham, Lord Beveridge, Lord Ammon, Lord Addison, Lord Hall, Lord Lucas and Lord Morrison. Their Lordships, who usually pride themselves on the strict observance of the minutiae of etiquette, made one mistake. When the Duke of Edinburgh, wearing naval uniform and attending his first State Opening, entered the Chamber, none of them rose, as they should have done in recognition of his Royal and princely rank, and as they did a few minutes later, when the Duke of Gloucester, in khaki, entered to sit next to his young nephew-in-law.

Two of the very few women who watched the proceedings were Lady Tweedsmuir, demure in a close-fitting black dress and small black hat, and Mrs. Jean Mann, who stood with several of their fellow members of the House of Commons, crowded at the back of the Press Gallery. There will be a full State Opening next month, when the King again drives from the Palace to Westminster to open the normal new session on October 26th.

* * * *

WHEN Their Majesties broke their journey south to see the St. Leger at Doncaster, the warm-hearted Yorkshire men, women and children turned out in their thousands

to welcome them as they drove in an open car through the flag-decked streets and up the racecourse amid tremendous cheering to the Royal box. It was a lively sight, too, to see little Union Jacks fluttering from nearly every bookmaker's stand. In the morning before the racing, the King and Queen, who had left the Royal train at Bawtry, visited the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough at Sandbeck Park, where they met Yorkshire miners and officials of the National Coal Board.

THE KING had his good filly Angelola running in the St. Leger, and before the race he went out to see the horses parade in the paddock, accompanied by the Queen and the Princess Royal, who is Patroness of the meeting and was with them in the Royal box. They were escorted by Viscount Allendale, the Earl of Scarbrough, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Irwin, and the King's racing manager, Capt. Charles Moore. Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort soon joined the Royal party and, though I was told he was hopeful about the Royal filly, he was full of confidence over the chances of his other runner, Black Tarquin.

Also in the paddock watching their horses before the big race were Mrs. V. Esmond, with Baroness de Waldener, looking at Captain Fox, the Aly Khan seeing his father's three horses, Lord Derby studying Alycidon, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blaggrave watching their two runners.

The victory of Black Tarquin, who is owned by that great American sportsman, Mr. Woodward, chairman of the New York Jockey Club, was a very popular one, and there was great cheering as he was led into the unsaddling enclosure by his trainer, Capt. Cecil

Boyd-Rochfort, in the absence of Mr. Woodward, who had not come over from America. He was soon joined by attractive Mrs. William Woodward junior, who was very thrilled at her father-in-law's victory.

IN the big crowd I noticed the Marchioness of Cambridge and her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, Lady Daresbury walking with Lady Ainsworth, Mrs. Warwick Bryant and Mrs. "Jackie" Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank receiving congratulations after his horse *Decorum* had won the Doncaster Produce Stakes, Major Murray-Smith escorting his attractive wife, also Lord and Lady Bury, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, Lord and Lady Manton, Mr. and Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe-Herrick, who live in Yorkshire and told me they had been racing each day, Sir Frederick Freake, up from Warwickshire, Mrs. Evan Williams with Mrs. Peter Hastings, and Mrs. Luke Lillingstone, who had a second during the afternoon.

I met Lord Reay in the Astley Stand, also Capt. Peter Starkey, who had just returned from a visit to Ireland, Mr. John Healing, Mrs. Wilfred Holden, who had come over from Harrogate, Mrs. Bertie Bankier, and the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, who had been at the Bloodstock Sales each day.

BEFORE racing I went to a delightful luncheon party given by Lt.-Col. S. L. Green and officers of the Queen's Own Yorkshire Dragoons in the Drill Hall, which is quite near the course. This was an excellently run party which started at midday, thus enabling guests to get to the course in ample time for the first race, after they had enjoyed the delicious cold buffet lunch and champagne. Many of the hosts, who were indefatigable in looking after their guests at the party, had been out a short while before with their men, forming a guard of honour under the command of Major Edward St. John for the Royal visitors, and also providing the Royal escort.

Prince George of Denmark came to the party with Lady Elizabeth Lumley, and was chatting to Major the Hon. Christopher Beckett, who was saying how confident he was that Black Tarquin would win. Col. "Squeak" Thompson brought his wife and two daughters. I met Mrs. Anthony Milburn, who is always witty and amusing, chatting to Mr. Richard and Lady Jane Bethell, Major Roger Ingham and his attractive wife were the centre of another group of friends, and nearby I saw Brigadier John Combe and Capt. Tony Cooke with several other officers of the 9th Lancers from Edinburgh.

FROM a friend in Scotland I heard news of the Aboyne Ball, which was attended by over 400 guests. This was a greater number than in previous years and unfortunately few of the dancers would use the second dance floor in the marquee, so the main ballroom became terribly crowded for the country dances that are so popular. The favourite of these, the new dance "Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh," which has quickly become immensely popular, was encored over and over again. Everyone was sorry that the Marchioness of Huntly, who has been recuperating after an illness, was not well enough to attend. The Ball was run this year by a committee including Miss Susan Vaughan-Lee, Sir Francis Grant, Col. Nicol of Ballogie and Major Wallace.

Everyone in the neighbourhood brought parties. Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey, who looked charming in a cream-coloured frock and pink feathered wrap, brought Lady Cecilia FitzRoy, Miss Gina Fox, the Hon. Michael Joicey and Capt. Wendell. Lord Glentanar, who was chaperoning a large party of young people, came over from Glen Tanar with his attractive daughter, the Hon. Jean Coats, and his guests, who included the Hon. Gwendoline James and her brother Christopher, Miss Bridget

Adair, Miss Fiona Coats and Miss Christian Carnegie. The Marchioness of Huntly came in Mr. and Mrs. Bowhill's party, with his brother, Lord Adam Gordon, and his attractive wife, who was Miss Pamela Bowhill before her marriage, also the Hon. Anthony Berry, Lady Huntly's youngest brother.

MRS. HARRISON-BROADLEY, who has done such a lot to encourage her friends to dance reels and Scottish country dances really well (and, incidentally, I hear is organising classes again in London at the end of October for Scottish country dances), brought a party of twelve from Gordon Lodge, including her niece Miss Elizabeth Duval, Major A. P. Cunningham, Col. and Mrs. Torquil McLeod (he is the commanding officer at Fort George and has just returned from Palestine), Miss Vera Pelham-Burn, Major Fyffe, Mr. David Forbes, Brigadier Yeates and Capt. Atkinson of the King's Guard; Miss Berry of Fetterneir brought, among others, Lady Jean Leslie and Mr. George Buchanan

Legge-Bourke with him, Major and Mrs. Alastair Campbell, who brought a party from Ardhuncart Lodge, and Major David Gordon of Haddo, who was, I hear, wearing one of the most magnificent cairngorms on his plaid.

AFORTHCOMING event also with a strong Scottish flavour is the première of the film *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, which is to take place at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, on October 28th in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. Mrs. Attlee, who is president of the première, held the first committee meeting at 10, Downing Street, when Cdr. Anthony Kimmins, who directed it, told us all about the picture, in which David Niven and Margaret Leighton star, and which has been over a year in the making. It certainly sounds something to which we may look forward. Tickets, which range in price from half a guinea to ten guineas, are obtainable from the chairman, Lady Bowhill, 1, Chesham Street, London, S.W.1.

ONE could feel the excitement among the audience in the air at the Phoenix Theatre before the first night of *Playbill*, two new one-act plays by that brilliant young man, Terence Rattigan. I am sure no one had been disappointed when the final curtain came down. It is a brilliant evening's enjoyment, starting on a sad note and ending in a gay and happy mood. Eric Portman's return to the theatre after eight years was a complete triumph.

I saw the author sitting unnoticed at the back of one of the boxes with his mother and father, Mr. Frank Rattigan, who was Chargé d'Affaires in Bucharest from 1916-19. Mr. "Chips" Channon, looking very tanned, sat in the front row of the stalls a few seats away from Sir Louis and Lady Stirling, and a little farther back I saw Cdr. Anthony Kimmins, the Hon. Mrs. Parshall, Lady Gloria Fisher, tall Lady Juliet Duff, and the Hon. Anthony Asquith. In the interval I met Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky and her husband, Prince Vsevolode, chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Colin Lesslie, who told me they had just had a wonderful trip to Italy. Mrs. Bobbie Burns, very handsome in a black dress embroidered in jet, was with her husband and a party of friends.

There was a galaxy of film and stage stars: Leonora Corbett, just back from New York; Jean Simmons; Elizabeth Allan, with her hair piled high, escorted by her husband; and Walter Crisham, who is appearing in a new revue in November.

THE Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava chose the lovely little church of St. Nicholas at Little Braxted, Essex, for her marriage to Mr. Desmond (Kelpie) Buchanan, by the Bishop of Colchester. The wedding was a quiet affair, with only a few relations and friends present. The bride, who wore a blue wool dress with a turquoise-blue velvet hat, was given away by her only son, the ten-year-old Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. A small reception was held in the Thatched Cottage, Little Braxted, which was lent by Mr. Aubrey Moody, who was the best man. Mrs. Ernest Guinness came down to her daughter's wedding, and the others I saw were the bride's two daughters, Lady Caroline Blackwood, who makes her debut next year, and Lady Perdita Blackwood, who is fourteen, the bridegroom's step-father and mother, Col. and Mrs. Page, and his sister, Mrs. Conrad Mann. Also Lady Packenham, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Buchel, Mr. Arthur and Lady Ursula Horne and Mrs. Davidson.



Elli Alter
Nicolas and Sarah, son and daughter of Sir Eric Vansittart Bowater, and Lady Bowater, playing with Perth and Jock at their home, Dene Place, West Horsley, Surrey. Sir Eric is a prominent industrialist, and was closely identified with the Ministry of Aircraft Production during the war. He married Miss Margaret Perkins in 1937

Smith; Mr. Bruce Fellows-Gordon came with a party, and Mrs. Vaughan Lee brought her pretty daughter Susan, in a white satin dress, Major and Mrs. Ian Murray, Miss Stewart of Ardverlick, Major Alan Cameron of Lochiel, Sir Thomas Innes of Learny and Mr. Malcolm Fraser. Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir came from nearby Braemar Castle, where they had entertained friends to a delicious tea the previous day, after the Gathering. Lady Tweedsmuir looked lovely in a white satin frock speckled with diamanté. Another outstandingly lovely guest was Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort. She had come over from Crathes Castle, where she was staying with her parents, Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys.

OTHERS enjoying this ball, which always provides a colourful scene, with the men in their Highland dress and many of the ladies wearing their silk tartan sashes, were Capt. Alwyn Compton, the young Laird of Invercauld, Mr. Christie Miller and his attractive Danish-born wife, who both came in Lord Cowdray's party from Dunecht, Baron and Baroness Juel-Brockdroff, and their pretty daughter Patricia, Sir Francis Grant, who had his sister and brother-in-law, Major and Mrs.

In our issue of September 1st we published a photograph taken at the Limerick Horse Show with the caption "Mr. and Mrs. J. Riordan." We have since learnt that the lady in the photograph was not Mrs. J. Riordan, and we offer our sincerest apologies for any inconvenience this may have caused.



The finish of the St. Leger: Black Tarquin (E. Britt up), owned by Mr. W. Woodcard, chairman of the Jockey Club of New York, leads Alycidon by a length and a half, with Solar Slipper and Vic Day five lengths behind



The King and Queen on the way to see the runners, after driving up the course. With them are the Princess Royal and Capt. Charles Moore, the King's racing manager

DONCASTER: THE "LEGER"

The visit of the King and Queen to Doncaster to see the St. Leger aroused great enthusiasm in Yorkshire, for it was the first time since Edward VII. that a reigning monarch had witnessed the race. Black Tarquin's brilliant win, upsetting many theories of form, also helped to make it one of the most memorable Doncaster meetings on record



Mrs. W. Hirst, Mrs. D. Wilkinson and Mrs. D. Lee were three of the spectators who journeyed to Doncaster to see the season's last classic run under ideal conditions

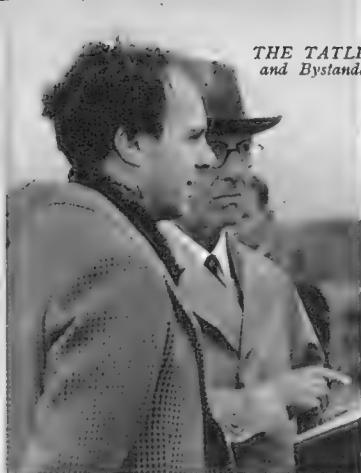


Lady Illingworth, widow of Lord Illingworth, with her nephew, Mr. John Wilberforce

Mrs. H. B. Scott, Mrs. Roger Peake, Brigadier R. Peake, and Major Rugee-Price

Lady Anne Cavendish, her brother the Marquess of Hartington, and Mrs. Jocelyn Hambro

Major E. Harris St. John with Mrs. G. M. Graham. Behind, the Hon. Celia Monckton



Prince Aly Khan, just arrived by air, talking to his trainer, Mr. Frank Butters



Mr. Leo Partridge (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel discuss the very good-looking lot of yearlings up for sale



Mr. E. Cooper Bland, whose two yearlings fetched 10,000 guineas, with Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald



Lord Irwin, son and heir of the Earl of Halifax, with Lady Irwin

AND BLOODSTOCK SALES

Repeating their success of last year, the yearling sales again raised over half-a-million pounds, and proved that British bloodstock ranks as high in the world's estimation as ever. The highest price was achieved on the third of the four days' selling, when Mr. F. Armstrong gave 17,000 guineas for a Sledmere Stud bay colt by Nearco



Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, trainer of Black Tarquin, talking to the Earl of Rosebery, one of the three Stewards of the Jockey Club, who took a keen interest in the sales



The selling in progress. The Duke of Westminster's bay colt by Le Pacha-Eudemis being walked round the ring. He was bought by Capt. Elsey for 2,500 guineas



The Earl of Carnarvon, who also disposed of some horses, with Mr. Clayton



Mr. Stephen Vernon, the Marchioness of Cambridge and her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge



Over from Eire: Viscountess Adare, with Sir Cecil and Lady Stafford-King-Harman



Lt.-Col. Giles Loder and Mr. Clifford Nicholson were two more owners present

Self-Profile



Pamela Brown

Of the Gioconda Smile

by

Pamela Brown

Leading lady of one of this year's most successful plays, Aldous Huxley's *The Gioconda Smile*, now at Wyndham's, Pamela Brown may here be compared directly with the original inspirer of the play's title, Leonardo's enigmatic *Quattrocento* beauty. However, there is about Miss Brown none of the smugness which some cynics profess to trace in the features of *La Gioconda*. Nor is the part she plays opposite Clive Brook, that of the would-be mistress who, having poisoned her *inamorata*'s wife, succeeds in getting him accused of the crime, a particularly tranquil role



It's no good my doing this, really, because I haven't got what's usually called a profile, in the sense that Clive Brook has one, though when I played Goneril in Laurence Olivier's *King Lear* I did my best not to shame him, by straightening my nose with nose paste. Anyway, you are not really an Old Vic actor until you have got the nose-paste habit.

I'm thirty years old now, and when I was twenty I made a vow that if I hadn't become the sort of actress I wanted to be by the time I was thirty-five I would kick up a hell of a fuss with myself, but in the meantime I would be a fatalist and keep on acting, never mind where, and more or less never mind what.

It's worked quite well: I've played in South Africa, Paris, Canada, New York, but only once in what we call the "commercial West End theatre." There are people who think this odd, and prefer to cling to the narrow circle of the West End. John Gielgud said something in America that made me realise how very small the circle is, and I know he won't mind my repeating his remark, because I know he meant it kindly and he knows, too, that I am his eternal devoted slave.



We were having supper with the Lunts in their apartment after a performance of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, when John suddenly turned round and said: "I am so glad Pamela has made such a success in this play. She's had such bad luck with her health, had to leave every play she's been in." I didn't know what he meant, then suddenly the penny dropped; *Claudia*, which I played for a year at the St. Martin's, was the only play I had to leave because of illness, but it was also the only West End production I have been in, so it becomes the only play I have ever acted. Twelve years' solid hard work had suddenly ceased to exist. It's a silly little story, but also a tiny bit frightening.

I WAS eight months in America and Canada last year, my first glimpse of a land of plenty since before the war. We were stuck too long in New York, and I longed to see something of the rest of America; New York is rather like a freak little country on its own. The amazement on the faces of many New Yorkers when several members of the company expressed a desire to go back to England I shall never forget. They really thought we

were lunatic to want to go back when there was a chance of staying among the fleshpots.

Imagine being flung with a large salary into the middle of all those splendid shops after years of coupons and ration books. Jean Cadell went out one day to shop and arrived back exhausted with two kettle-holders that she could have bought in any country bazaar in England, and nothing else. The choice is too great, the sales talk terrific, one's brain reels and you can't remember what it was you started out to buy.

Broadway at night is as extraordinary a sight as one can hope to see, and, as somebody said, as alarming in its own way as the first days of the black-out in London. But it's exciting, a city one wants to go back to, if only to learn not to make the same mistakes again.

I was glad I was given the chance to go because I had always wanted to work with John Gielgud, and what a delight it was. I never ceased to be amazed by his invention, his extraordinary instinct as a producer; his gift of thinking of five different ways of playing a scene, all of them fitting the personality of the actor and the part he was playing. Sometimes it was a little bit like the shops, difficult to choose which was to be the final version that the customers would eventually see. John Gielgud is not a patient man, but in matters theatrical he will go on all day and all night until he is satisfied that the thing is right; and he does go on, and sometimes it's the actor that gets out of patience, and John will suddenly look guilty and say: "I'm fussing you. I'm sorry, I'll shut up."

But he doesn't shut up. He is a producer who is also a great actor, sensitive to all the appalling difficulties that go with the struggle to produce a true performance on the stage. And, like all really fine actors, he is modest and unselfish. I was delighted to see America take him to its heart, but, like everybody else, I realised how badly we needed him here in our theatre.

PLAYING in repertory at Oxford, I met for the first time two people whom I could not have done without. One was James Agate, who was to me a counsellor, kind, critical and also a friend now sadly missed. The other was Peter Copley, my husband. We had been away on our honeymoon twenty-four hours exactly when the phone rang and the

B.B.C. said could I come at once and do a broadcast of *Berkeley Square* with Leslie Howard. I took the next train to London, and was glad that I did, as it was the only time I ever met him.

That telephone call was a gentle lead-in to married life in the theatre, and since then one or other of us has always been catching impossible night trains from impossible places to have as much time together as possible in our home in Soho Square. It does sometimes happen that we are together in a play, once when I was in the Old Vic, and again during the war, when we did a season of plays for Norman Marshall which opened at the Lyric, Hammersmith, the same night as the flying bombs.

I would like to make films, but made it a bit difficult for myself, because I didn't like the idea of a long-term contract, which does, with our present system, mean that you have to give the theatre second place, and I can't do that. I would like a really spanking part in a film. I have only appeared in two, both small parts that were over just as I began to think I was beginning to learn the language. Films, too, can take you to strange and wonderful places. *I Know Where I'm Going* had six weeks' location in the Western Isles of Scotland, which must surely be one of the most magic places in the world.

How can one judge one's own character? I know a few things in mine that drive myself and other people mad. I procrastinate—take this article, I've had six weeks to write it in and here I am tapping away with two fingers on the typewriter, working madly against time because it should have been sent off two days ago.

I hate arguments: they bore me, whatever the subject, and I dread the moment that always comes when somebody says: "You're very quiet; what do you think about it all?" and I have to confess that I wasn't listening, or that I've never heard of whatever it was they were banging on about.

I love dressing up to go to a party or first night, but when the time comes actually to leave the house, I would willingly settle for a hot bath and bed. If I do go to the party and even if I'm enjoying it, I suffer constantly from people thinking I'm stuck up or bored because I don't talk enough. I don't think people on the whole know the value of a nice bit of silence. But this is purely a personal opinion.

Priscilla in Paris

Advice to the Simple

HE (or she, for the female of the species) who sells and runs away, returns to sell another day. Less astute visitors to Paris would do well to be warned, therefore, of the itinerant pedlars who offer you razor blades, flints for your cigarette-lighters, fountain-pens that write 100,000 words without refilling, and perfumes, in natty little bottles, at prices unbelievably low for these hard times.

You will find that the blades are blunt, the flints refuse to spark, the fountain-pens have dried at their source and the scent is coloured water. These merchants ply their trade in the passages of the Metro and on the boulevards. They carry their wares in natty suitcases that they surreptitiously open under your nose when they are sure no *agent de police* is around. Since the Paris police force is badly undermanned and visiting provincials and foreigners are eternally gullible, these bright lads make anything between 1000 and 3000 or 4000 francs a day.

Sometimes, when a man in blue appears in the offing, they rush away, beating all Olympic records of speed, and often vanishing not only with the goods but with your change . . . but they return, at other hours and other places, to claim more victims.

PARIS is slowly resuming its normal aspect. The little shops are opening and one no longer has to trudge for quite a while in certain *quartiers* to find an open bakery or a greengrocer.

There was actually quite a queue waiting to visit Marc Comeau-Montasque's gorgeous blue and ivory caravan that contains so many samples of French *industries de luxe*. It will

tour France, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal in order to show all who care to walk up and gaze some of the most beautiful silks and velvets of Lyons, frocks from the *grands couturiers*, richly bound books, perfumes in exquisite flasks, jewels, fine lingerie, and all, in short, that goes to make up an ambulant Rue de la Paix. This excellent propaganda is due to private enterprise. Our official muddlers have other fish to fry . . . and even in this

trampled, and in the centre of the thickest undergrowth . . .

BUT enough of that. The Island, rid of its excursion cars, bad campers (there are many good ones) and the *congés payés* crowds, is again a little Paradise. The old *habitués* going and coming on their bicycles from their homes on the coast to the inland village stop each other to gossip on the *grande route* and main street. The shopkeepers again have time to be friendly and rummage at the back of their shelves for the tin of Nescafé, the box of sardines-in-oil or the special packets of tea that have been hidden away from the assistant salesmen during the rush weeks. The bicycle-repair shop undertakes other repairs than hasty patches on inner tubes. The wine merchant who has opened new premises whispers of cobwebby bottles discovered in the old cellars during his move. The tobacconist, mysterious as to their source, has restocked English and American cigarettes and *caporal* can be had à volonté. The reign of the tourist is over. We are amongst ourselves once more.

There is one fly in the amber days of this lovely September. Miss Chrysler 1926 has found her elder if not better: a 1912 Peugeot that snorts its little way to and from the village; bottle-green, high-perched on red wheels and shining with brass trimmings. However, we console ourselves with the thought that she never leaves the Island, while we, without a single cardiac murmur (touch wood as this is penned), gaily accomplish our 300 miles from Paris and return, never missing a cylinder even in the thickest urban traffic.

Voilà!

• *Tristan Bernard, the great writer and humorist whom we so sorely miss, was seen in the happy pre-war days at Deauville—where a street now bears his name—wearing a natty yachting cap. When his friends admired it he declared: "I bought it with my gains at the tables." Then he sighed and added: "With what I lost I could have bought the yacht!"*

dubious culinary operation we wonder where and for how long they will get the butter to cook with!

I have now returned to my Island fastness. When I write "fastness" I do so ruefully. The campers have attended to that. During the few days the house remained empty, pending the arrival of friends at the beginning of August, the light barriers (I hate spoiling a view with walls) have been broken down, my fir trees stripped of their cones and dead branches, blackberry-bushes



Regatta in Venice. One hundred thousand sightseers lined the banks of the Grand Canal at this year's regatta in Venice. The parade of gondolas is seen passing the City Hall, and in the centre boat are seated the Mayor and the representative of the Italian Government. Among the prominent visitors in the other craft were Capt. A. A. Burke, of Boulder, Colorado, and Cdr. J. R. Leeds, of Washington, D.C., of the U.S.S. Huntington, making a courtesy call at the city



Lt.-Cdr. Michael Crichton, a close friend of the Duke, has been helmsman of Bluebottle this season



Watching for the boom to swing over as the yacht changes course during a test



The permanent crew member of the yacht, Smith, who was trained at the Royal Yacht Establishment in Hamble

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AS YACHTSMAN

Out with the Bluebottle
in the Solent



The Duke at the tiller, on the end of which can be seen his badge, taken from the arms of the city of Edinburgh and specially carved in Chatham Dockyard

Baron



Bluebottle (in rear) and Draco, another Dragon, up the Hamble after being becalmed at the entrance to the Solent



The Bluebottle, with the Duke at the helm, going well on the starboard tack off Cowes. Like most of the Dragon class, she prefers a stiff breeze to light airs



Lord Glentanar, who is a Member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, with Lt.-Col. J. W. Nicol, of Ballogie



Fraser, of Edinburgh, wins the Tossing the Caber, watched by the large assembly which gathered at Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, for the Highland Games. These gatherings still perform their original social function of enabling dwellers in remote parts to meet and discuss local developments year by year

The Highland Gathering at Aboyne



Lord Adam Gordon, eldest brother of the Marquess of Huntly, talking to Major MacGregor-Whitton



Miss H. Bromfield points out an amusing incident to the little Earl of Aboyne and his sister. Behind are the Marquess of Huntly, Mrs. Bowhill, the Hon. Anthony Berry, and Lord and Lady Adam Gordon



Carrying their fairings, the four-year-old Earl of Aboyne and his sister, Lady Lemina Gordon, keenly question King's Piper R. U. Brown, of Balmoral, on the parts of his pipe



Capt. A. A. Compton, of Invercauld, and Mrs. Charles Gordon were two more spectators at the Games, which have now been held for seventy years



Brilliant solo performances on French (and other) horns

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

To estimate the stamina of the Dutch, a calm and dogged race, consider that Amsterdam's smartest night-club, where Princess Margaret danced on her visit, is not called "Tony's," or "The Monkey-House," or anything you'd expect, but "The International Cultural Centre." Our native racket should try putting that one across Mayfair, just for fun.

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-fear'd!"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

Actually a highly expensive West End night-club called "The International Cultural Centre" might easily turn out a gold-mine. As Chesterton said, if some subtle Levantine opened a restaurant in Mayfair barred to any man under six foot, the smart would meekly make up parties of six-foot men to dine in it. Probably clever staffwork could turn even a terrifying word like "Cultural" into *le dernier chic*. Before being allowed beyond the anteroom the Beau Monde would be requested by suave examiners to supply the missing letters in L-ND-N, P-R-S, N-W Y-RK. Many of the Mayfair crowd know these, but what about poor Babs?

Illusion

BRILLIANT solo performances on that difficult contrivance the French Horn are a commonplace, as a critic observes, to Britain's leading exponent, Mr. Brain. He should have added that musical chaps have now outgrown their distaste for this instrument, clearly detectable in its name (compare "French leave," "the French Distemper," etc.).

In most cases the French have suitably retorted ("*filer à l'anglaise*," "*la gale anglaise*," etc.), and in the case of the Cor Anglais, or English Horn, they score with malicious Gallic verve, since this is not a true horn at all but a reedy arrangement with a wooden bell. The result is that players of the Cor Anglais are always being taken up by hostesses in the Shires, under the impression that they produce deafening hunting-noises from a brass horn wrapped round their bodies, like the *piqueurs* of the Duchesse d'Uzès, but without any French tricks. When they are summoned from below-stairs after dinner there is naturally keen anticipation among the guests, with many an eager view-halloo.

"What's the form, Agatha? No stinkin' high-brow stuff, hey?"

"No, just a rousin' toot on the English Horn." (Uproar.)

"Gad, I don't mind sayin' I don't know much about music, but I do know—"

(Enter Cor Anglais player. Puzzled hush. A long, sad, nasal note.)

The Cor Anglais is then mobbed by leathery debutantes and driven out.

Madcap

BECAUSE a sweetheart described as "Hollywood's 27-year-old tomboy" (*vide* Press) gets a big British fan-mail, she became "just crazy" to see a British audience. Her passion—no ignoble one—has now been gratified, we observe.

We don't need to launch into any panegyric of British audiences, Heaven's most precious gift to the entertainment-racket. What does interest us is the psychological effect of a British audience on an American tomboy aged 27. Sedative or provocative? A wild heart soothed to rest or fresh madcap frolics?

The leading case of Mistinguett solves nothing much. A fascinating tomboy at 27 (as Pascal observed grumpily to Molière, it was high time that baby settled down) she faced a British audience last year and remains the same kind of tomboy still. The case of Wordsworth's Lucy is more helpful. Wild with glee and sportive as the fawn in her teens, she became more and more sportive as the years rolled on, and as the years rolled on Wordsworth had to keep rewriting, as you probably know:

She shall be sportive as the cow
That dances underneath the bough. . . .
(June 1821.)

She shall be sportive as the hipp
Opotami that gaily skip. . . . (Feb. 1839.)

BRIGGS—by Graham



.... and don't mix 'em to-night, m'lord—
you know what happened at your last regimental
reunion . . .

Lucy might have relaxed but for constant contact with the pan of Daddy Wordsworth, the ideal British audience in himself. Whenever she thought Daddy had passed away the great wooden jaws would suddenly open. This "gets" a girl, say what you will.

Grouse

AN explorer shyly hinting that Wales is far too good for the Welch enunciates no startling novelty. Gerard Manley Hopkins noted it years ago, in a spiritual sense:

Lovely the woods, waters, meadows, combes, vales,
All the air things wear that build this world of
Wales,
Only the inmate does not correspond. . . .

Aesthetically speaking it's an old grievance, first aired by Ruskin on comparing the Welch scene with the perfect blending of the austere loveliness of Lake District locals—especially the bowlerhatted ones—with their background. We Cymry admit this and our leading thinkers are quite frank about the only solution, which is to cross-breed the Welch scientifically with specimens of 100 per cent. Anglo-Saxon stock in accordance with Mendel's Law of the Dominant, which hit the Natural Selection boys for six.

The ideal Wenglish type emerging should be a cross between Galahad and Attlee, pure beauty and fire, harmonising with Snowdon and Bala like a bridegroom in the arms of Moss Bros.

Solution

NONE of the obituaries of the Scottish actor Hay Petrie, most admirable Shakespearean clown of the age, paused to discuss incidentally why so many of Shakespeare's low-comedy boys are about as amusing as cholera, everything considered.

Our own theory, derived from long study of the inky underworld, is that Shakespeare didn't think much of these homely wisecrackers himself. You met them in a field and said "Fine day," and they came back at you with some obscure jigmatoo such as:

"An it be, sir, why, so it be. An it be not, why thereby it do lack withal, and 'tis all Bloomsbury to a bumbledore that the Picrocholians are in the Tenth House, and my lady may go hang herself in the buttery. Argal, there's no calamity touching the price of peasecods, and the Aceroceraunians may dance a tillimaufry."

If this meant nothing to Shakespeare, it simply infuriated all the old soaks at the Mermaid, especially the dangerous Marlowe, who would snarl: "Good enough for Paunch!"—meaning fat Manager Burbage—and whet his dagger on his shoe. Burbage himself thought these rural cracks too frightful, dear boy, too simply terrible, I ask you, really, my dear, too utterly lousy. This unanimous crab-chorus confirmed Shakespeare's conviction that if the stuff annoyed those punks so much, it must be pretty good. Which is how a lot of literature happens, actually.



The Free Foresters' Cricket XI. recently paid a visit to B.A.O.R. and while there played a match against the Combined Services, which the F.F. won by ten wickets. The teams are seen above. Back row (l. to r.): A/C. Whieldon; R. K. Stubbs (F.F.); G. R. McConnell (F.F.); L/Cpl. Aitcheson; C. Ferrara; R. A. Graham-Smith (F.F.); T. D. Mitchell (F.F.); Pte. Powley. Middle row (l. to r.): Pte. Goodwin; S. Pether (F.F.); F/O. Buckley; M. H. Carmael (F.F.); R. J. Woollett (F.F.); Capt. Lynch-Staunton; Dr. R. A. Shaddick (F.F.); Major D. N. Macdonald (M.C.); R. F. B. O'Callaghan (F.F.); R. Butler (F.F.); F/Lt. Berry (Umpire); I. N. Brettell (F.F.). Seated (l to r.) C. F. S. Buckley (F.F.); Capt. M. D. Oliver; F/Lt. Grant-Davie (Capt. Combined Services); Major-Gen. E. Fitzherbert, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (F.F. Umpire); Brig. C. E. A. Firth, C.B.E., D.S.O. (Deputy Commander British Troops, Berlin); M. H. Lee (F.F. captain); Lt.-Col. A. D. Miller, D.S.O.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

PICKING up the pieces after a big race, or any race in which a piping-hot favourite has failed to bring the money home, is just about as boring as a bridge post-mortem with all its "Why the Crystal Palace didn't you lead a spade?"; "Couldn't you see that I was simply shrieking for a diamond?" and so forth, and much ruder quite often, but there is this about it, that, whilst the bad-worded partner is certain to continue in his wickedness, the dissecting surgeon on the turf may discover something which may help us in the future.

Since we are told that so many of this Leger field, My Love, Noor, Royal Drake, Black Tarquin, Alycidon, etc., are to be kept in training next year, principal target the Gold Cup, it may repay us to take a few soundings and try to arrive at some sort of reckoning. So far as my own personal deductions are concerned, here are a few which may or may not be of some use. (a) Discard My Love's performance *in toto*, because, since he had the Grand Prix in his pocket nearly half a mile from the end of that 1 mile 7 furlongs, it is palpable that when we saw him hand in his portfolio about three furlongs from home in the Leger the form must be dead wrong.

HE must be sick of racing and being kept tuned up. There can be no other explanation. Horses are not machines. The going had nothing to do with it, firm but springy. (b) I do not think that the racecourse dog deprived Alycidon of the race; it certainly did not stop him to the tune of 1½ lengths. Black Tarquin won as he liked. Alycidon is a good one sure enough, and his Italian sire, Donatello II, was a rock-bottom stayer. His dam is by Hyperion. The witness can leave the box. And lastly (c). Black Tarquin will find the Ascot course even more to his liking than Doncaster. Epsom never was his cup of tea. He was travelling on at the finish of the Leger. What a fine turn of foot he has was shown when he met Tenerani (July 10th, Ascot, Queen Elizabeth Stakes, 1½ miles, getting 18 lb., beaten a short head).

How can the justice of the Jersey Act be maintained after such performances? It ought to make us blush even to think that all his descendants must have H.B. after their names, if things are allowed to stand as at present. I think the Gold Cup may prove to be a battle royal between him and My Love. That must be that for the moment, because I never have seen the point of talking for talking's sake.

THIS is a cadging paragraph, unvarnished and unashamed, because it is an endeavour to help a very worthy cause, the Pit Ponies Protection Society, which is, and has been for some years past, trying tooth and nail to awaken the public conscience to a matter which we, as a nation professing to have a soft spot in our hearts for animals, should deal with at once. An amended Coal Mines Bill, which this Society wants, is something which goes a bit beyond safety in the mines and general mechanical improvements; it wants protection for pit ponies during the time that it takes to install mechanical haulage for the coal-tubs—an operation at present carried out in many cases under conditions which are incredibly horrible; and, in the end, for the final abolition of ponies underground altogether.

To organise and to carry out such a campaign costs money. The Pit Ponies Protection Society at times has had a bank balance of less than £100. The answer, of course, will be that the Coal Board ought to do the whole job off its own bat. Possibly it will; but unless the public, through its M.P.s, raises sufficient Cain about the present conditions, we shall not get a gait on or get a Bill that takes care of the ponies—and, believe me, they need it. I do not believe in horror stories, though the police court reports which can be cited provide many, and, unfortunately, the majority of the criminals are boys of twenty and under. The fines seem to me quite inadequate punishment for the nature of the crimes. I therefore suggest, purely as a start, that all we who go racing should give even 1 per cent. of our winnings or earnings every week to this very hard-up Society which is trying to put up such a good fight. Owners, trainers, jockeys, bookmakers, and the audience—1 per cent. a week or as much more as we feel like. No one would miss it, but it might help to kick this new Bill into something better than a trot.

MRS. ANNA REDLICH, the authoress of *A Golden Treasury of Dogs* (Skelton Robinson; 12s. 6d.), a wonderful anthology, has laid all those who really know dogs under a deep obligation, since it is the most comprehensive and scholarly work of its kind that has so far been published. Mrs. Redlich, so far as I can discern, has included every authority excepting Gilbert's "Everyday young man with a stick and a pipe and a half-bred black and tan." We have everyone else, from Plato, who knew all about the uncanny

instinct for recognising friend or foe which the dog possesses; and we even have the mythical Juliana Berners, alleged Abbess of Reading, to whom has been wrongly credited the authorship of *The Red Boke of St. Albans*, which is held to be the earliest treatise upon hunting.

It is extremely doubtful whether Juliana ever existed, for no such name is to be found in the list of the Abbesses of Reading, or of any other convent. The name of the author of one chapter was probably one Julian Barns, whoever it may have been, but the real author was Twici, or Tweti, who was "chief huntsman" to the reigning monarch. Anything earlier is not discoverable. *The Red Boke* very considerably antedates both Gaston de Foix's *Livre de Chasse* (1387) and Edward, second Duke of York's *Maystre of Game* (1406-13), which was in the main a crib of Gaston's book. Anyway, Mrs. Redlich has given us a charming work, which must have taken a tremendous lot of doing.

M. R. E. D. W. CHAPLIN, the author of *The Book of Harrow* (Staples Press; 10s. 6d.), a concise and interesting history of the old Elizabethan school, has laid every Harrovian, past and present, under a debt of gratitude since, in these hectic times in which we are condemned to exist, so few have the leisure for any extended reading and none at all for historical research.

Many who were not at Harrow will also thank him for the enthralling story he has woven around this ancient foundation, and not least for its educative value. It is in the byways of history that the choicest flowers are to be found: those of us who are confined to the hard, jostling highroad never see them. Through these pages flit ghosts from St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who consecrated the ancient church of St. Mary at Harrow in 1094 down to Winston Churchill.

One item of information which, though not new to the Harrovian, certainly may be so to others, is that Harrow Speech Day is the successor to the old archery competition for the Silver Arrow. What a chance is here for the unregenerate punster! The competition was instituted by Sir Gilbert Talbot in 1684, and lingered on to as late as the nineteenth century. It was eventually succeeded by a rifle competition at Bisley. Harrow is probably the only public school which has included archery in its curriculum, but neither the school nor the town has any other connection with the clothyard shaft.

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS (No. 18)

The senior member of the *Cunninghamensis* genus of seabirds, noted for piercing sight and extreme belligerence

ADULT MALE: General colour above ruddy, becomes redder when roused, normally crested with ornate gilded growth of black and white feathers; tufted above the eye-sacs and to the rear of the mandibles with ashy-fulvous feathers; beak slightly curved; mandibles bluish; neck feathers stiff and white; body feathers deep navy, admirably ringed with gilded markings at the wing tips; shanks sturdy; owing to the bird's long sojourns at sea it has a nautical roll when upon the land; feet leathery and extremely nimble.

HABITS: The Taranto Bay Bustard is best known for the many and varied performances it got up to in the land-locked seas of the Middle East during the last decade. Signor Vittorio Scutillio, the well-known Italian marine authority, gives a most vivid description of the bird's habits: "I am seeking, with some anxieties and no little of the trepidations of the whereabouts of thisa bird's nesting-places in Mare Nostrum; when, before one cana say 'scuttle,' as from the very depths of the oceans, thisa bird is upon me battering me unmercifully with its wings, and delivering upon me the greata fourteen inch gashes with its beaks: I have made the successful discoveries of the whereabouts: so, relieving myself of all heavy equipments, I maka the withdrawal most strategical. However, so great is the bird's anger that I am forced to sail into the shallow waters, where I am able to open the water cocks and wade ashore. In spite of my greata dangers from this bird and my heroics in daring to seek for its eyrie I am delivered of a *Scandalum Magnatum* from my mentors: which is apart from the great damages done to my most beautiful boats by thisa most powerful of sea-birds."

The bird has a somewhat savage cry: a kind of "Nomorammo-thenuseruddimarlinspikes."

HABITATS: The bird is happiest when perched, or strutting to and fro upon the upper quarters of some sea-going mastodon. Of late months the bird has been observed flitting, though furtively, around and about the areas of London where the report from a gun fills the air with the angry cries of quietly nesting sea-birds.



The Mediterranean Sea Merlin—or Taranto Bay Bustard

(Waedititupships-Toellivithatom)

Scoreboard

IN spite of contrary views expressed by Dr. Sam Johnson, who had probably just been told to hold his tongue by a lighthouse-nosed regular in the Auchterarder local, there is much to be said for the remoter parts of Scotland. They eat well and drink well; unlike law-ritten London, where high tea is unknown, and vaguely improper, West of Temple Bar; where, also, two lunches are necessary, one from habit, the other from necessity, and both from the tin.

It is agreeable, too, in Caledonia wild but none so stern, to get newspapers that have acquired the charm of period-pieces and to find, after receipt of some half-dozen, that it doesn't matter a Chelsea bun or football director whether you chance to read them in order, or upside-down or, indeed, at all.

BRADMAN is still being cheered backwards and forwards off cricket fields, a custom which he has now, doubtless, temporarily suspended while, on the high seas, he sits at the Captain's table and with a fixed smile conceals his inner thoughts from a gem-imprisoned lady who is asking him what it feels like, Mr. Bradman, to make all those runs.

Stanley Matthews and M. Vishinsky still run side by side in the headlines. People continue to be born, married, and, occasionally,

murdered. And, talking of murder, I was nearly in at one the other day on our otherwise peaceful golf course, where Sir James Barrie used to play the bagpipes in the bunkers, as a boy, and where the rabbits make natural ash-trays on the fairway. It was on the first tee. A small and uncelebrated visitor drove his ball just past the head of a large and unrationed resident ten yards away. And neither of them knew what had almost happened. It was just after the luncheon interval.



I got into conversation with the would-be felon, a man of expansive character but indistinct speech. He had come, it appears, by motor-coach *via* Edinburgh with a party who were fed up with the Musical Festival in that romantic City. The rest had gone off on a sporadic batter. He was the only golfer. He confessed to a morning of technical monotony.

"I havna risen a bluidy ba' yet," he said. "But you've risen that last one," I suggested. "Aye?" he answered, "have I then? Mebbe I'll be getting the way of the thing at last." And off he went, in pursuit of his still unconscious victim. I met him later in the evening, when the sun drops over the purple hill and the curlews wheel in choir over the wood. He had stuffed

his golf-bag with reminding heather, and he walked away to meet his non-golfing compatriots, singing a tune far below and above the scope of Musical Festivals.

SO to St. Andrews; where Cyril Tolley, at the hour when lesser men meditate the perilous voyage from bed to breakfast, drives himself into office as Captain of the Royal and Ancient. It is twenty-eight years since, as an Oxford undergraduate, he won his first Amateur Championship, with a 2 at Muirfield's 37th against Robert Gardner of the U.S.A. He no longer drives into bunkers designed to trap your long second, but the swing is as true and the presence as great as ever.

SO to Michaelmas; and, in memory, to football renewed at school, with miskicks at the ball madly bouncing on summer-baked grass, and the whole-day blackberry picnic, in the country of Baring-Gould of the *Broom Squires* and G. Bernard Shaw, then busily converting Captain Brassbound, and A. Conan Doyle, who, in the intervals of rescuing, at public demand, Mr. Sherlock Holmes from the deadly plots of Professor Moriarty, still put on the boxing gloves, and ran short runs on the village cricket field. When buns might be four a penny, and a motor-car, as now, a problem and a marvel.

R.C. Robertson—Glasgow



"Bathsheba and David," from the Arts Council of Great Britain exhibition of Picasso lithographs loaned by M. Henri Kahnweiler

ABOUT a year ago, I remarked in these pages how much I was looking forward to Angela Thirkell's Barsetshire during the heat-wave summer. Her chronicling of blustery Mays, gritty Junes and curdled Julys has had a fidelity, almost felicity, quite her own—the Leslies, Deans, Marlins, Warings, Pomfrets, Beltons and others have, along with the rest of us, fidgeted, drooped and sneezed.

However, now for the hot spell—in *Love Among the Ruins* (Hamish Hamilton; 11s.), an amber shimmer of fine days hangs over the gardens, the river-meadows and Barchester close. The Red Cross fête, Lady Emily's birthday party, the Parents' Day cricket match at the Priory School, the Conservative Rally and the Pig Show go off triumphantly.

Practically, things are no better than they were: "They" are still dominant; for the elder people there is a lengthening shadow of decline. See the summary at the opening of Chapter Two:—

Since the days before the war the social centres had shifted all over England. Pomfret Towers, once a rallying place for the county, was being run on a skeleton staff, the family living in the nursery wing, the big rooms shut and dust-sheeted, except the dining-room, which was kept as a kind of board or committee room for local activities, for the Pomfrets took their duties seriously. . . . At Staple Park, which during the war had been let to an evacuated school, now returned to London, Lord and Lady Bond were also living in part of the servants' wing, but Lord Bond never regretted it, for the change had enabled him to give notice to his butler, under whose tyranny he had suffered too long. His heir, the Honourable C. W. Bond, whose initials covered the shame of being called Cedric Weyland, was living with his wife and family at the White Cottage next to Laverings, where Mr. Middleton the architect and his wife, owing to the mysterious law that watches over people with no children and enough money, still lived in a good deal of comfort, for the country round Skeynes was still feudal, and women could be got to cook and scrub. Over at Rushwater, Martin Leslie and his wife were farming as hard as they could, aided by Martin's stout and competent cousin, Emmy Graham. And so from one end of the county to

the other people were marooned, first by the amount of hard work they were doing and then by the long and hideous winter of everyone's discontent which made the roads impassable for weeks at a time and caused an amount of inconvenience and actual suffering which must have amused an all-merciful Providence very much; unless we incline to the more charitable view, that Providence's mind was elsewhere.

SUMMER next, however—and such a summer as only could, one might fancy, belong to the old, good times! Reverie becomes active, and hopes stir: in Barsetshire, the older generation decide it is high time some more of the younger generation started falling in love. Already, it must be said, Barsetshire is stocked with pleasant young couples, charming children and Nannies—all the love affairs we have watched pursuing their courses through earlier Thirkell novels have ended happily. The incorrigible disturber David Leslie is, as you may recall, no longer at liberty; the young widow who looked like making trouble in *Private Enterprise* is accounted for.

None the less, matches are still to make, and *Love Among the Ruins* knits up several more destinies, to the (with Mrs. Thirkell) unfailing accompaniment of desultory, happy talk. Clarissa Graham has grown up, into an enchantingly tiresome a young person as we have met in fiction for many a day; Susan Dean is still, always, conducting her duties as Depot Librarian of the Barsetshire Red Cross Hospital Libraries—but, we all feel, something more should happen to Susan. Jessica, Susan's famous younger sister, comes flashing down at week-ends from the Cockspur Theatre, London. Freddy and Charles Belton are both around;

Elizabeth Bowen's Book Reviews

"Love Among the Ruins"

"Little I Understood"

"English Cottages and Farm-houses"

"Bullets for the Bridegroom"



"Mother and Child," another of the series of remarkable lithographs in which, as usual, the artist breaks much new ground

Oliver Marling is more at home than usual; Richard Tebben is back from Scandinavia. . . .

I'm not sure, however, that in *Love Among the Ruins* the elder characters don't play their juniors off the stage. One gets back to never having enough of Lady Emily, her daughter the adorable Agnes Graham, and that beautiful ruminant Mrs. Dean. One cannot wonder that the young men find it difficult to concentrate on the nice girls while maternal goddesses tread the Barsetshire earth—Richard Tebben once wrote a poem to Mrs. Dean (the fiendish Jessica has that poem by heart), and Charles Belton's half-days from the Priory School, where he is making out as a junior master, are spent at Agnes Graham's, not at her daughter's, feet.

THE fact is, that the nice girls have a touch too much of the light of common day about them. About their very ability to live in the world as it is, there is something chilling: romance is more difficult in the Brave New World.

It all [we learn at one point] sounded very peculiar to Mrs. Belton and not at all comfortable, which shows how sheltered her life had been and how little she really knew of the difficulties of the Brave New World that the young had partly had forced upon them and partly were making for themselves. . . . Though Mrs. Belton's world was tottering, she did not stand as many of the new generation were standing, on the edge of a gulf. . . . Life in the country and in country towns had become hard, often very hard, but not yet sordid. Life in the towns was apt to run downhill only too easily, and the untaught young, schooled to hard work during the war but untrained in the art of gracious living and making the best of a little money, were slipping

into a Slough of Despond. They were not unhappy in the Slough, though occasionally they had immortal longings in them, but they were not doing any particular good and she wondered what the future of their children would be. And on this topic she might have wondered indefinitely, for everyone's future is impenetrable darkness and most plans are thwarted. . . .

No wonder that Mr. Marling, in the sunset of life, likes to contemplate maidenhair on the

RECORD OF THE WEEK

LAST year the first recording of some of the music from the *Gayaneh* Ballet by Khachaturian was issued and became one of the top-sellers for 1947. Made by the Philharmonia Orchestra, it marked the first appearance of Malko as a conductor for His Master's Voice.

Now there is a much fuller version, played by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. The conductor is Efrem Kurtz, who allows his musicians plenty of scope. The recording is better than many we get from America, but it is not so good as that of the Philharmonia. This new version occupies three 12-in. records

and includes "Sabre Dance," "Lullaby," "Dance of Ayshe," "Dance of the Rose Maidens," "Dance of the Kurds," "Dance of the Young Kurds," with "Armen's Variations" and "Lezhinka" as a finale.

I prefer the quieter passages of this set myself, but that may well be due to the fact that my ears have recently been overstrained by listening to a variety of versions of *Sabre Dance Boogie*. And at all events these records bring a complete version of the suite into the supplements and will no doubt be among this year's best-sellers. (Columbia D.X. 1499-1501.)

Robert Tredinnick.

flower-stall and remember smilax "creepin' all over the table" at his mother's dinner-parties. Yes, a tang of autumn, decidedly the poetry of autumn, runs through the halcyon summer of *Love Among the Ruins*.

* * *

THE fearsome scenes described in Joanna Cannan's *Little I Understood* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.) may dispel at least some illusions about the past. Mildred Oglethorpe, heroine of this excellent novel, is in her own dim way almost a nightmare figure. Originally, Mildred flowers in North Oxford of the Edwardian epoch: her father is an obnoxiously pushing doctor, anxious to make a footing for himself in University society. Mildred, at eleven, has an inferiority complex and is rude to servants; she is taken for an exacting holiday in France; her only ally is Adam, the miffish son of a brilliant don. Dr. Oglethorpe's cautious flirtation with the dashing Mrs. Hope-Dickson sets him a high standard in feminine charm: his attitude to his wife and daughter is, to say the least of it, discouraging.

How much Mildred is the product of parental discouragement, how far of her own indomitable stupidity, Miss Cannan invites the reader to decide. *Little I Understood* is a procession of embarrassing scenes (a high point, for instance, is Mildred's coming-out dance, at which Dr. Oglethorpe positively excels himself). There is more, much more, to this tale than its dire funniness: it suggests just how much harm one stupid woman can do—and, as an exposure of one kind of designing middle-class snobbery it is without parallel.

The most unnerving thing about the Oglethorpes is their convincingness: Miss Cannan's impressive powers as a novelist have created a family one cannot stop reading about and could not bear to know. Their Oxford interior, down to its last detail, is as lifelike as themselves. The ill-fated Adam Burns, enmeshed by the Oglethorpes through his marriage to Mildred, is as touching as the rest of them are repulsive. . . . Behind it all, Miss Cannan's good sense and good humour are to be felt: she gives us a salty, not sordid, relentless but not disagreeable novel which, for absolute entertainment, I do commend.

* * *

"ENGLISH COTTAGES AND FARM-HOUSES," by C. Henry Warren, is an addition to the Britain in Pictures Series (Collins; 5s.). The last pages of this book are the best: Mr.

Warren's account of "a very particular cottage"—that of his grandparents, where he used to stay as a child—is a direct and intimate, never sentimental, picture of a dignified home. Visitors, constantly coming in, "might range from squire to roadman, parson to grocer's boy: whoever they were they could not but feel at home the moment they entered."

Throughout, all Mr. Warren's detail is excellent. He is a countryman, a devout disciple of Richard Jefferies—himself descendant of a



"**T**WO FIGURES." Though Pablo Picasso is now in his sixty-seventh year, his work shows no sign of waning vigour or compromise with the accepted canons of art. This much is evident from the exhibition of fifty lithographs, of which the above is an example, now in its last week at 4, St. James's Square. In some of these pictures there are echoes of Cubism, in others Picasso woos, with characteristic results, the Greek muse

long line of countrymen. Indeed, as he points out, most of us are (however urban we may seem) if we but look a few generations back. . . . As an example of significant detail, note the description of thatching (p. 38) and of the evolution of the cottage staircase (p. 37). I smiled at the, in itself, very proper commendation of weather-boarding, when I thought of what one modern country-dweller had just been telling me of the cost and difficulty of painting weather-boarding to-day.

Farm-houses, equally, are a rewarding subject to Mr. Warren—and, hence, to his readers. Here once more he is exact and informed—though he should, in places, beware of over-generalised fine writing: such phrases as "the strong-hearted Northerns of the hills" and "these unrelenting stone houses of Cornwall" stand out oddly. The main point he makes, however, is fundamental—the use, before the days of standardisation, of local materials for building, and the effect of that on the type of house. "Stone . . . in the limestone belt, granite in the south and west, timber and plaster in the east."

The design and appearance of farm buildings, including the layout of pigsties, varied from county to county and involved local pride. Standardisation, the modern conveniences, are now with us: it is upon their merits that we must dwell—but that cannot prevent us thinking of what the cottage must have been like before, first, enclosure, then the week-end habit, began to modify country life. I am glad that among the illustrations to *English Cottages and Farm-houses* has been included a water-colour drawing by Samuel Palmer; who, for me, most truly of all interpreted that sense one has of the English countryside's continuing from the remote past. Altogether, this is a pleasant, if inevitably somewhat nostalgic, book.

* * *

"**B**ULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGLROOM," by David Dodge (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), is a swift-moving American thriller, in which the hero and heroine come to Reno with the surely unusual object of getting married. James Whitney, income tax expert, and the glamorous Kitty have, I gather, already seen through much together: this book, in which I met them for the first time, is a further instalment of their adventures—*Death and Taxes* being the first.

The loving but boisterous pair, who had planned for their honeymoon Reno week nothing more dangerous than what they call horseback riding, and night-club crawling, arrive head-on into trouble. The war is on, and what might have seemed, at a glance, one, homely, uncomplicated Reno murder, some shady encounters and one or two violent brawls, turns out to hinge on an ugly Japanese agents' plot. More I must not reveal—beyond indicating that the dumbest blonde in the cast proves to be a G-girl. . . . This is a well-built story, if not exactly one of my own favourites.

Winifred Lewis

on

Fashions

his competitors. Some of his models are extravagant—as they were meant to be—but the inspiration of his detail is such that individual features from even the most eccentric models have already begun a world tour and are, even now, influencing winter clothes that are in the making for you and me.

IN London hats have held the fashion stage for the past week or two, while top milliners have been busy disclosing details of their individual versions of the cloche, the bonnet and the new-style berets which are to be the crowning features of winter fashion.

Hugh Beresford (who is off to Australia shortly with a consignment of hats for the Australian stores, representing one of the biggest export orders for hats on record) took the Fashion Press to his delightful country house in Sussex to present his winter collection. Determined to contribute his own note of cheer to winter's gloom and in defiance of the rain which drove the party in from the garden, Beresford introduced models in white beaver felt. Meeting the

obvious criticism halfway, he claims that this type of felt will stand up to an English winter by virtue of the long, silky pile, which can be easily cleaned.

Hats as near as any to the femininity of the late summer's beguiling styles were shown by Debenham and Freebody, where hats were matched with little fringed silk shawls and the silk tippits, lined with contrasting colour, which were so prominent in Paris. Felt and velvet hats and fur moulded on to felt were accompanied by endearing bonnets ranging from flower and feather-trimmed Directoire and Kate Greenaway styles to the 1948 Cloche. This last, I am happy to report, proves, for all its unfortunate 1923 associations, to be as becoming as one can wish if—and this is important—the crown is shallow enough.

On the whole, the new hat styles are rather less formidable than it seemed they might be. There are many charming hats, but I will say this—you will be called upon to use more discretion in your choice from the many and varying styles offered than you have ever done. There was seldom a time when it was easier to choose the wrong hat.



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Howes—Desmonde

The wedding of Mr. Peter Howes, son of Mr. Robert Howes (Bobby Howes the actor), and Miss Jacqueline Desmonde, daughter of Mr. Jerry Desmonde, of Eamont Court, London, N.W.8, took place recently at St. Marylebone, London



Brockway—Howard

Mr. Jack Shadwell Brockway, son of Capt. and Mrs. R. B. Brockway, of The Beeches, Coltishall, Norfolk, married Miss Morna Howard, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. J. H. Howard, of Addison Gardens, Kensington, at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Cheyne Row, Chelsea



Ingledew—Whigham

Mr. John Murray Ingledew, youngest son of Mr. Norman M. Ingledew, of Greenways, Lisvane, Cardiff, was married at Stratton Parish Church, Cirencester, to Miss Angela Elaine Dugdale Whigham, only daughter of Mrs. Howard Davies, of Portland House, St. Briavels, Gloucestershire



Urry—Leedham

The wedding took place at St. Mark's Church, Purley, Surrey, of Mr. David Reginald Urry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Urry, of Staveley, Ridge Park, Purley, and Miss Eileen Mary Leedham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Leedham, of Mia Casa, Ridge Park, Purley, Surrey



Baker—Pipon

Mr. Colin Harris Baker, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Baker, of Cross Park, Heavitree, Exeter, married Miss Penelope Elizabeth Pipon, elder daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir James and the Hon. Lady Pipon, of Shepherd's Crown, Compton Down, Winchester, at St. Mary's, Bickleigh, near Plymouth



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A muff, a tight-fitting basque jacket and a soft, curling fringe on the forehead—and it is easy to recapture the enchantment of Renoir's Paris. This was an elegant age—when the soft tones in make-up were all-important—as they are to-day if we are to achieve the new look.

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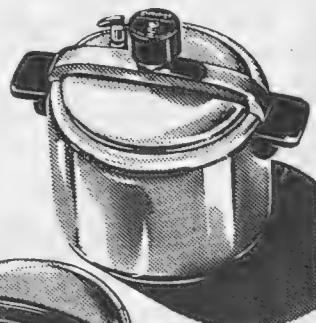
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Fayer
Mr. Michael Hunter Jones and Miss Evangeline Fitzgerald. Mr. Jones is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jones, of Marden Ash, Ongar, Essex, and Miss Fitzgerald is the daughter of Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald, K.C., and Mrs. Fitzgerald, of The Boltons, London, S.W.10



Bertram Park
Mr. Robert Eden C. C. Long and Miss Mary Jane Boyd. Mr. Long is the son of Capt. E. C. Long, of Soysambu, Elementaita, Kenya, and of Lady Claud Hamilton, of Nderit, Elementaita, and Miss Boyd is the daughter of Mr. R. B. Boyd and Lady Mary Boyd, of Nanyuki, Kenya



Pearl Freeman
Miss Bridget Margaret Mathieson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Mathieson, of Court Ash Cottage, Nether Compton, Sherborne, Dorset, who has announced her engagement to Mr. William John Andrew White, of Randolph Cliff, Edinburgh



Pearl Freeman
Miss Patricia Mary Heaton, daughter of the late Mr. J. P. Heaton and of Mrs. Heaton, of Cotterill Road, Surbiton, who has announced her engagement to Mr. John Anthony Bostock, son of Mrs. C. M. Bostock, of Cadogan Road, Surbiton



Navana Vandyk
Mr. John Andrew Southerden Burn, M.C., and Miss Elizabeth June Norbury. Mr. Burn is the elder son of Mr. H. S. Burn, C.B.E., and Mrs. Burn, of Goblin Combe, Cleeve, near Bristol, and Miss Norbury is the youngest daughter of Mr. Lionel E. C. Norbury, O.B.E., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Norbury, of Harley Street, London, W.1, and The Priors, Cowden, Kent

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Tasker Press Illustration
Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder watching the Battle of Britain display at Manston Aerodrome with Group Capt. M. D. Crichton-Biggie, D.F.C. (Station Commander), Lady Tedder, Mrs. Crichton-Biggie and her daughter Angela

Oliver Steward on FLYING

FARNBOROUGH's familiars will not be entirely satisfied with the little book that the Central Office of Information has put out at the behest of the Ministry of Supply. The book was in circulation at the time of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' display. It is called *Laboratory of the Air*, is copiously illustrated and is compiled by John Pudney.

With such an author an appropriately restrained style and a high degree of accuracy were to be expected; but the atmosphere of Farnborough, one of the most atmospheric of all air stations, is not captured. It may be that too much emphasis is placed on recent events, when Farnborough played a smaller part than it used to do; or it may be that the author selected the wrong facts; or it may be that as a young officer of World War Two he was out of sympathy with the weird and wonderful ways of the early aeronauts.

I would not like to say where the fault lies; but I can say that the book is careful in compilation and that it gives a conspectus of Farnborough's more recent activities with some indications of its origins. But there will be heartburning about some of the claims made. As one who was stationed at Farnborough in the early days and who later went to the experimental stations of Orfordness and Martlesham Heath as a test pilot, I would not like to endorse this account of the origins of the gyroscopic gunsight.

This sight was proposed and worked on theoretically by Sir Melville Jones and others during the first World War at Orfordness. Farnborough took it up later and turned it into a practical piece of equipment, but the whole of the theory had been clearly established long before. However, it would be ungracious to cavil over a book which tries in too small a space to give some idea of what Farnborough stands for and what it is.

TO-DAY I have another minor grouse to record, about the Battle of Britain fly-past, and it is a most delicate matter. It concerned the participation in the fly-past of United States units. Royal Air Force officers who spoke to me felt that the inclusion of U.S. units was a psychological error of the magnitude.

They expressed, as must all Air Force people, the highest admiration for the United States Army Air Forces did in the war and they laid emphasis on need to do everything possible to consolidate the friendship between the British and American air forces. But they were shocked at the implication that the Battle of Britain commemoration should be turned into a piece of propaganda of impressing other countries with the strength of the combined air force based in England.

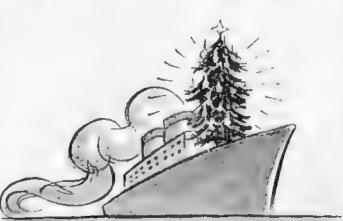
The facts are that, although we felt in this country the friendship of the American and United States air forces took no part in the Battle of Britain. There is no justification (except that distasteful one of propaganda) for including U.S. units in the fly-past celebration. The judgment of somebody in a high position has been at fault. Let it be hoped that this error will not be made again.

IT was good that the public days of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' display were a success, because I imagine that as a consequence the public will always in the future be admitted for some part of the show.

There were the usual humorous comments on the small boys who go about collecting catalogues. Some say that all the paper so distributed is wasted; but I believe that the small-boy catalogue collector is usually the genuine enthusiast in embryo. A catalogue or leaflet handed to some scruffy small boy is likely to work for the hander-out as hard as if it had been given to the head of some foreign mission covered in decorations.

It was a pity that the flying had to be curtailed on the Sunday, but John Cunningham's final turn in the de Havilland 108 did much to help the crowds resign themselves to the English weather. On Saturday the weather was excellent and the flying programme went smoothly, thanks to Gill Harris and his staff in the control tower, and to Group Captain Silyon Roberts and the flying-controllers committee which included Mr. Pegg and Captain "Mutt" Sumners.

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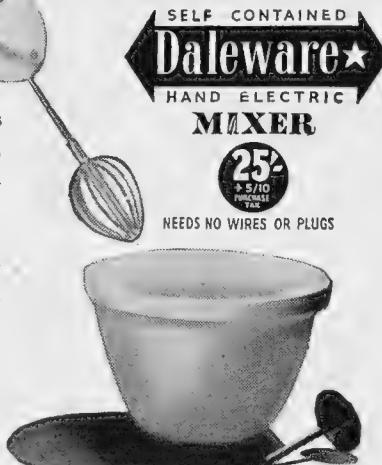
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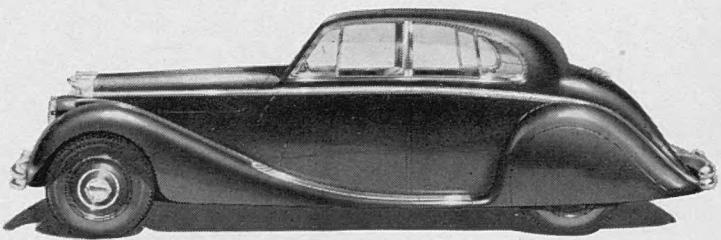
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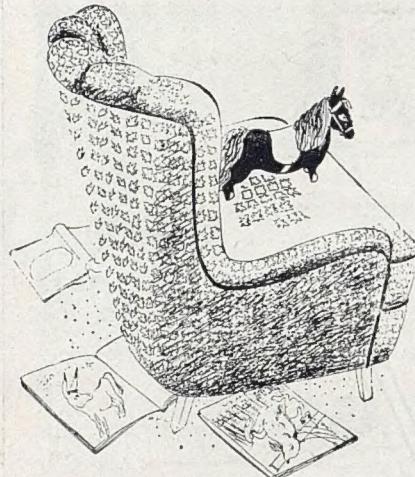
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